

# THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

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Compiled into Meeter  
By Captain *Alexander Montgomery.*

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# Sweet Sonnet

To the Blessed

# TRINITY.

By C. A. M.

Supream Effence, Beginner, Unbegun;  
Ay Trinal One, and undivided Three,  
Eternal Word that Victory hath won,  
O're Death, o're Hell, triumphing on the tree.  
Fore-knowledge, Wisdom, and All seeing Eye,  
JEHOVAH, Alpha and Omega, All,  
Like unto none, and none like unto Thee;  
Unmov'd, moving the rounds about the Ball,  
Container, uncontain'd, Is, Was, and Shall  
Be Sempiternal, Merciful, and Just:  
Creator, Uncreated, now I call,  
Teach me thy Truth, since unto thee I trust;  
Increase, confirm, and kindle from above,  
My Faith, my Hope, but by the love, my Love.

THE  
CHERRIE  
AND THE  
SLAE.

**A** Bout a Bank with balmy Bews,  
Where Nightingales their Notes renews;  
with gallant gold Spinks gay:

The Mavise, Mirtle, and *Progne* proud,  
The Lintwhite, Lark, and Laverock loud,  
saluted mirthful *May*:

When *Philomel* had sweetly sung,  
to *Progne* she deplored;

How *Tereus* cut out her Tongue,  
and lastly her deflored.

Which Story, so sorry,  
to shew asham'd she seem'd,

To hear her, so near her,  
I doubted if I dream'd.

2. The Cushtat crowds, the Corbie cries,  
The Cucko cawks, the pratling Pyes,  
to geck her they begin:

The Largoun, or the jangling Jayes,  
The craiking Crows, the kekling Kayes,  
they deav'd me with their din:

The painted Pawn with *Argus* Eyes,  
can on his Mayock call:

The Turtle wails on withered Trees,  
and Echo answered all;

Repeating, with Greeting,  
how fair *Narcissus* fell,

By lying, and spying,  
his Shadow in the Well.

3. I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare,  
In Hidlings hirpling here and there ;  
making their Morning Mang :  
The Con, the Coney, and the Cat,  
Whose dainty Downs with Dew were wet,  
with stiff Mustachoes strang,  
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae  
the Fulmart, and false Fox,  
The bearded Buck clamb up the Brae,  
With birsie Bairs and Brocks :

Some feeding, some dreading,  
the Hunters subtil Snares,  
With Skipping, and Tripping,  
they play'd them all in pairs.

4. The Air was sober, soft and sweet,  
But misty Vapours, Wind, and weet,  
but quiet calm and clear :

To foster *Floras* fragrant Flowers,  
Whereon *Apollo's* Paramours,  
had trinkled many a Tear :

The which like silver shakers shin'd,  
imbroidering Beauties Red :  
Wherewith their heavy Heads declin'd,  
in *May's* colours clad :

Some knopping, some drooping,  
of balmy Liquor sweet :

Excelling, in smelling,  
through *Phæbus* wholsom Heat.

5. Me thought an heav'nly heartsom thing,  
Where Dew like Diamonds did hing :  
ov'r twinkling all the Trees,

To study on the flourish'd Twists,  
Admitting Nature's Alcumists,  
laborious busie Bees ;

Whereof some sweetest Hony sought,  
to stay their Lives to serve,  
And some the waxy Vessels wrought,  
their purchase to preserve :



So heaping, for keeping,  
it in their Hyves they hide,  
Precisely, and wisely,  
for Winter they provide.

6. To pen the Pleasures of that Park,  
How every Blossom, Branch and Bark,  
against the Sun did shine,

I pass to Poets to compile,  
In high, heroick, stately Stile,  
whose Muse surmatches mine :

But as I looked mine alone,  
I saw a River rin :

Out ov'r a steepy Rock of Stone,  
syne lighted in a Lin :

With tumbling, and rumbling,  
among the Roches round,  
Devalling, and falling,  
into a Pit profound.

7. Through routing of the River, rang  
The Roches sounding like a Sang ;

where Descant did abound,  
With Treble, Tenor, Counter, Meen,  
An Echo blew a Basse between,  
in Diapason Sound ;

Set with the C-sol-fa-uth Clief,  
with long and large at list,  
With Quiver, Crotchet, Semibrief,  
and not a Minim milt ;

Compleatly, more sweetly,  
she fir'd down flat and sharp,  
Than Muses, which uses,  
to pin *Apollo's* Harp.

8. Who would have tyr'd to hear that Tune,  
Which Birds corroborate ay abone,  
with layes of lovesom Larks ?

Which climb so high in cristal Skyes,  
While *Cupid* wakened with his Cryes,  
of Nature's Chappel-Clarks :

Who leaving all the Heavens above,  
alighted on the Eard,

Lo how that little Lord of Love,  
before me there appear'd,  
So mill-like, and Child-like,  
with Bow three quarters scant,  
Syne moyly, and coyly,  
he looked like a Sainr.

9. A cleanly Crisp hang ov<sup>r</sup> his Eyes,  
His Quiver, by his naked Thighs,  
hang in a silver Lace :

Of Gold, between his Shoulders, grew,  
Two pretty Wings wherewith he flew,  
on his leit Arm a Brace ;

This God soon off his Gear he shook,  
upon the grassie Ground,

I ran as lightly for to look,  
where Ferlies might be found ;

Amazey, I gazed,  
to see his Gear so gay,  
Perceiving, mine having,  
he counted me his Prey.

10. His Youth and Stature made me shout,  
Of Doubteness I had no Doubt ;

but boured with my Boy :

Quoth I, how call they thee, my Child ?

Cupido, Sir, (quoth he) and simild,

please you me to imploy :

For I can serve you in your Suit,

if you please to impyre,

With Wings to fly, and Shafts to shoot,

or Flames to set on fire :

Make chose then, of those then,

or of a thousand things,

But crave them, and have them,

with that I woo'd his Wings.

11. What would ye give, my Heart, quoth he,

To have these wanton Wings to flie,

to sport thy Sp<sup>r</sup>it a while ;

Or, what if Love should send thee here,

Bow, Quiver, Shafts and shooting Gear,

some bady to beguile ?

This

This Gear, (quoth I) cannot be bought;  
yet would I have it fain :

What if, (quoth he) it cost thee nought,  
but rendring all again ?

His Wings then, he brings then,  
and band them on my Back :

Go flie now, quoth he now,  
and so my leave I take.

12. I sprang up with *Cupido's* Wings,  
Whose shots, and shooting get resigns,  
to lend me for a day,

As *Icarus* with borrowed Flight,  
I mounted higher than I might,  
ov'r perilous a Play.

First forth I drew the double Dart,  
which some times shot his Mother,  
Wherewith I hurt my wanton Heart,  
in hope to hurt another ;

It hurt me, or burnt me,  
while either end I handle :

Come see now, in me now,  
the Butterflie and Candle.

13. As she delights into the low,  
So was I browden of my Bow,  
as ignorant as she ;

And as she flies while she is fir'd,  
So with the Dart that I desir'd  
mine Hands have hurt me too,

As foolish *Phaeton* by Suit,  
his Father's Chair obtain'd ;

I longed in Loves Bow to shoot,  
not marking what it mean'd,

More wilful, than skilful,  
to flie I was so fond,

Desiring, impyring,  
and so was seen upon't.

14. Too late I knew, who hews too hie,  
The Spail shall fall into his Eye,

too late I went to Schools,  
Too late I heard the Swallow preach,

Too late Experience doth teach,  
the School-master of Fools,  
Too late I find the Nest I seek,  
when all the Birds are flown;  
Too late the Stable-door I seek,  
when as the Steed is flown;  
Too late ay, their State ay  
as foolish Folk espy,  
Behind so, they find so,  
remeed, and so do I.

15. If I had ripely been advis'd,  
I had not rashly enterpriz'd,  
to soar with borrowed Pens:  
Nor yet had sey'd the Archer craft,  
To shoot my self with such a Shaft,  
as Reason quite miskens.  
Fra Wilfulness gave me my Wound,  
I had no Force to flie:  
Then came I groaning to the Ground,  
Friend, welcom home, quoth he;  
Where flew ye, whom flew ye,  
or who brings home the booting?  
I see now, quoth he now,  
you have been at the Shooting.

16. As Scorn comes commonly with Skaith,  
So I behov'd to bide them baith;  
so staggering was my State,  
That under Cure I got such check,  
Which I might not remove nor neck,  
but either staile or mair,  
Mine Agony was so extream,  
I swelt and swoun'd for Fear,  
But e'er I wakened off my Dream,  
he spoil'd me of my Gear,  
With Flight then, on hight then,  
sprang Cupid in the Skies,  
Forgetting, and setting  
at nought my careful Cries.

17. So long with sight I follow him,  
While both my dazled Eyes grew dim,

through

through staring on the Stars ;  
Which flew so thick before my Een,  
Some red, some yellow, blew and green,  
which troubled all mine Harns,  
That every thing appeared two,  
to my parboiled Brain ;  
But long might I lie looking so,  
e'er *Cupid* came again.

Whose Thundring, with Wondring,  
I heard up through the Air :  
Through Clouds so, he thuds so,  
and flew I wist not where.

18. Then when I saw that god was gone,  
And I in Languor left alone,  
and sore tormented too,  
Sometime I sigh'd while I was sad,  
Sometime I mus'd, and most gone mad,  
I doubted what to do ;  
Sometime I rav'd half in a Rage,  
as one into Despair :

To be oppress'd with such a Page,  
Lord, if my Heart was fair :

Like *Dido*, *Cupido*,  
I widdle and I wearie,  
Who rest me, and left me,  
in such a feiry farie.

19. Then felt I Courage and Desire  
Inflame mine Heart with uncouth Fire ;  
to me before unknown :

But then no Blood in me remains,  
Unburnt or boil'd within my Veins,  
by Loves Bellows blown,  
To drown it e'er I was devour'd,  
with Sighs I went about :

But ay the more I shoop to smoor't  
the bolder it brake out ;

Ay preasing, but ceasing,  
while it might break the Bounds,  
Mine hew so, forth shew so :  
the Dolour of my Wounds.



20. With deadlie Visage, pale and wan,  
More like Anatomic than Man,

I withered clean away,  
As Wax before the Fire, I felt  
Mine Heart within my Bosom melt,  
and piece and piece decay :

My Veins by brangling like to break,  
my Pulses lap with pith :

So Fervency did me infect,  
that I was vext therewith ;

Mine Heart ay, it start ay,  
the fiery Flames to flie :

Ay hoping, through Louping,  
to leap at Liberty.

21. But (O alas) it was abus'd,  
My careful Corps kept it inclus'd,  
in Prison of my Breast :

With Sighs so sopite and ov'r set,

Like to a Fish salt in a Net,  
in dead thraw undeceas't,

Which though (in vain) she strives by Strength,  
for to pull out her Head :

Which profits nothing at the length,  
but hastning to her dead :

With thrifling, and wrifling,  
the faster still is she :

There I so, did ly so,

my Death advancing to.

22. The more I wrestle with the Wind,  
The faster still my self I find,

no Mirth my Mind could mease,

More noy than I, had never none,

I was so alter'd and ov'r-gone,

through drought of my Disease :

Yet weaklie, as I might, I raise,

my Sight grew dim and dark,

I staggered at the Windlestraes,

no token I was stark,

Both sightless, and mightless,

both almost at once :

In Anguish, I languish,  
with many grievous Groans.

23. With sober pace yet I approach,  
Hard to the River and the Roch,  
Whereof I spake before :

The River such a Murmure made,  
As to the Sea it softly slade,  
the Craig was stay and shore ;  
Then Pleasure did me so provoke,  
there partly to repair :

Betwixt the River and the Rock,  
where Hope grew with Despair :

A Tree then, I see then,  
of Cherries on the Braes,  
Below too, I saw too,  
A Bush of bitter Slaes.

24. The Cherries hang about mine Head,  
Like trickling Rubies round and red,  
so high up in the Heugh :

Whose Shadows in the River shew,  
As grathly as they grew,  
on trembling Twists and teugh :

Whiles bow'd through burden of the Birth,  
declining down their Tops :

Reflex of *Phæbus* off the Firth,  
now coloured all their Knops,

With Dancing, and Glancing,  
in trile as Dornick Champ,  
Which stream'd, and leamed,  
through Lightness of that Lamp.

25. With earnest Eye, while I espy  
That Fruit between me and the Sky,  
half gate almost to Heaven :

The Craig so cumberfom to climb,  
The Tree so tall of Growth and trim,  
as any Arrow even

I call'd to Mind how *Daphne* did  
within the Laurel shrink,

When from *Apollo* she her hid,  
a thousand times I think,

That

That Tree there, to me there  
as he his Laurel thought,  
Aspyring, but tyring,  
to get the Fruir I sought.

26. To climb that Craig it was no buik,  
Let be to preass to pull the Fruit,  
in top of all the Tree ;

I know no way whereby to come,  
By any Craft to get it clumb,  
appearently to me :

The Craig was ugly, stay and driegh,  
the Tree long, found and small,

I was afraid to climb so high,  
for fear to fetch a fall.

Afray'd, I stay'd,  
and looked up aloft,  
Whiles minting, whiles stinting,  
my Purpose changed oft.

27. Then Dread, with Danger, and Despair,  
Forbade me minting any mair,  
to rax above my reach.

What? tush, (quoth Courage) Man, go to,  
He is but dast that hath to do,  
and spares for every Speech ;

For I have oft heard Sooth-men say,  
and we may see't our selves,

That Fortune helps the hardie ay,  
but Pultrons ay repels ;

Then spare not, and fear not.

Dread, Danger, nor Despair,

To Fázards, hard Hazards,

is Death e'er they come there.

28. Who speeds, but such as high aspire,

Who triumphs not, but such as tryes  
to win a noble Name ?

Of Shrinking what but Shame succeeds ?

Then do as thou would have thy Deeds,  
in Register of Fame ;

I put the case thou not prevail'd ;

so thou with Honour die,

thy Life, but not thy Courage fail'd,

shall

shall Poets pen of thee ;  
Thy Name then, from Fame then,  
can never be cut off,  
Thy Grave ay, shall have ay,  
that honest Epitaph.

29. What can't thou losse when Honour lives,  
Renown thy Vertue ay revives,  
if valiantly thou end.

Quoth Danger, huly Friend, take heed,  
Untimous Spurring spills the Steed,  
take tent what ye pretend ;  
Though Courage counsel thee to climb,  
beware thou kep no Skaith,  
Have thou none help but Hope and him,  
they may beguile thee baith :

Thy sell now, can tell now,  
the Counsel of these Clarks :  
Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,  
thy Breast doth bear the Marks.

30. Burnt Bairns with Fire the Danger dreads,  
So I believe thy Bosom bleeds,  
since last that Fire thou felt :

Besides that, seindle time thou sees,  
That ever Courage keeps the Keys,  
Of Knowledge, at his Belt,  
Though he bid forward with the Guns,  
small Powder he provides :

Be not a Novice of that Nuns,  
who saw not both the Sides.

Fools haste nay, almaist ay,  
ov'r syles the sight of some ;  
Who luiks not, who huiks not,  
what afterward may come.

31. Yet Wisdom wisheth thee to weigh  
This Figure in Philosophy,  
a Lesson worth the Lear ;

Which is in time for to take tent,  
And not when time is past, repent,  
and buy Repentance dear ;

Is there none Honour after Life,  
except thou slay thy sell,

Whose

Wherefore hath *Atropes* that Knife?

I trow thou canst not tell?

Who but it, would cut it,  
which *Clotho* scarce hath spun,  
Destroying, the Joying,  
before it be begun.

32. All ov'rs are reputè to be Vice,  
Ov'r high, ov'r low, ov'r rash, ov'r nice,  
ov'r hot, or yet ov'r cold,  
Thou seems unconstant by thy Signs,  
Thy Thoughts are on a thousand things,  
thou wots not what thou would.  
Let Fame her Pitty on thee poure,  
when all thy Bones are broken:  
Yon Slae, suppose thou think it sowre,  
would satisfie to flogen

Thy Drough now, of Youth now,  
which dries thee with desire;  
Aswage then, thy Rage then,  
foul Water quenches Fire.

33. What Fool art thou to die a Thrift;  
And now may quench it if thou list,  
so easily but pain?

More Honour is to vanquish ane;  
Than fight with Tensome and be tane,  
and either hurt or slain.

The Practick is, to bring to pass,  
and not to enterprize,

And as good Drinking out of Glasse,  
as Gold in any wise:

I'd rather, have ever,  
a Fowl in hand, or tway,  
Than seeing, ten flying,  
about me all the day.

34. Look where thou light before thou loope;  
And slip no Certainty for Hope;  
who guides thee but by guess.

Quoth Courage, Cowards take no cure,  
To sit with Shame, so they be sure:

I like them all the less.

What t.



What Pleasure purchast is but Pain,  
or Hon ur won with ease?

He will not lye where he is slain,  
who doubts before he dies:

For fear then, I hear then,  
but only one Remieed,  
Which late is, and that is,  
for to cut off the Head.

35. What is the way to heal thy Hurt,  
What way is there to stay thy Sturt,  
what means to make thee merry?  
What are the Comforts that thou craves?  
Suppose the Sophists thee deceives,  
thou knows it is the Cherrie,  
Since for it only thou but thrills,  
the Slae can be no buit:  
In it also thy Health consits,  
and in none other Fruit.

Why quakes thou, and shakes thou,  
or studies at our Strife?  
Advise thee, it lyes thee  
on no les than thy Life.

36. If any Patient would be panc'd,  
Why should he leap when he is lanc'd,  
or shrink when he is thorn?

For I have heard Chyrurgions say,  
Of times deferring of a day,  
might not be mend the Morn.  
Take time in time e'er time be rent,  
for time will not remain:

What forceth Fire out of the Flint,  
but as hard Match again;

Delay not, nor fray not,  
and thou shalt see it fac:

Such gets ay, who sets ay,  
stout Stomacks to the brae.

37. Though all Beginning be most hard,  
The end is pleasant afterward,  
then shrink not for no Showre:

When once that thou thy Greening get;

Thy

Thy Pain and Travel is forget,

the sweet exceeds the ſowre :

Go to then, quickly, fear not this,

for Hope good hap hath height,

Quoth Danger, be not ſudden, Sir,

the Matter is of Weight ;

Fiſt ſpy both, then try both,

Adviſement doth none ill :

Thou may then, I ſay then,

be wiſful when thou will.

38. But yet to mind the Proverb call,

Who uſes Perils periſh ſhall,

ſhort while their Life them laſts.

And I have heard (quoth Hope) that he

Should never ſhape to ſail the Sea,

that for all Perils caſts.

How many through Deſpair are dead,

that never Perils priev'd :

How many alſo, if thou read,

of Lives have we reliev'd ?

Who being, even dying,

but Danger, but deſpair'd,

A hunder, I wonder,

but thou haſt heard declar'd,

39. If we two hold not up thine Hearn,

Which is the chief and nobleſt part,

thy Work will not go well :

Conſider, the Companions can,

Diſſwade a ſilly ſimple Man,

to hazard for his Heel.

Suppoſe they have deceived ſome,

e'er we and they might meet,

They get no Credance where we come,

in any Man of Sp'rit.

By reaſon, their Treason,

by us is plainly ſpy'd ;

Revealing their Dealing,

which ſlow not be deny'd.

40. With ſleekie Sophiſms ſeeming ſweet,

As all their Doings were diſcreet,

they

they with thee to be wise,  
Postponing time from Hour to Hour,  
But Faith is underneath the Flower,  
the lurking Serpent lyes ;  
Suppose thou seest her not a stime,  
while that she sting thy Foot,  
Perceives thou not what precious time  
thy Sleuth doth overshoot :

Alas Man, thy Case Man,  
in Lingring, I lament,  
Go to now, and do now,  
that *Courage* be content.

41. What if *Melancholy* come in,  
And get a grip e'er thou begin ?  
then is thy Labour lost ;

For he will hold thee hard and fast,  
Till time, and place, and Fruit be past,  
and thou give up the Ghost.

Then shall be graven upon that place,  
which on thy Tomb is laid,  
Sometime there liv'd such one, alas,  
but how shall it be said ?

Here lyes now, but praise now  
into Dishonours Bed,

A Coward, as thou art,  
who from his Fortune fled.

42. Imagine Man, if thou were laid  
In Grave, and syne might hear this said ;  
would thou not sweat for Shame ?

Yea, sure I doubt not but thou would :  
Therefore, if thou have Eyes, behold,  
how they would smore thy fame.

Go to, and make no more Excuse,  
e'er Life and Honour lose ;

And either them or us refuse,  
there is no other chose :

Consider, together,  
that we do never dwell.

At length ay, by Strength ay,  
the Pultrons we expel.

43. Quoth *Danger*, since I understand,  
That Counsel can be no Command ;

I have no more to say :

Except, if that ye think it good,  
Take Counsel yet e'er ye conclude,  
of wiser Men than they,

They are but rackleſſe, young and raſh,  
ſuppoſe they think us ſleit :

If of our Fellowship ye faſh,  
go with them, hardly beat.

GOD ſpeed you, they lead you,  
who have not meikle Wit,

Expel us, ye'l tell us,  
hereafter comes not yet.

44. While *Danger* and *Deſpair*, retir'd,  
*Experience* came in and ſpeir'd ;

what all the matter mean'd,

With him came *Reason*, *Wit*, and *Skill* :

Then they begin to ask at *Will*,

where make you to, my Friend ?

To pluck yon luſty Cherrie, lo,  
quoth he, and quit the Slae :

Quoth they, is there no more ado,  
e'er ye win up the Brae ?

But do it, and to it,

perforce yon Fruit to pluck,

Well Brother, ſome other,

were better to conduct.

45. We gront, ye may be good enough,

But yet the Hazard of yon heugh ;

require a graver Guide :

As wiſe as ye are may go wrang,

Therefore take Counsel, o'er you gang,  
of ſome that ſtands beſide.

But who were yon three ye forbade,

your Company right now ?

Quoth *Will*, three Preachers, to perſwade,  
the poyſon'd Slae to pow :

They tratled, and pratled,

a long halt hour and mair,

Foul

Foul fal them, they call them;  
*Dread, Danger, and Despair.*

46. They are more fashious then of Feck,  
Yon Fazards durst not for their Neck,  
climb up the Craig with us,  
Fra we determined to die,  
Or than to climb the Cherrie-tree,  
they bode about the Bush;  
They are condition'd like the Cat,  
they would not weet their Feet,  
But yet, if any Fish they gat,  
they would be apt to eat,  
Though they now, I say now,  
to hazard have no heart,  
Yet luck we, or pluck we,  
the Fruit they would have part.

47. But when we get our Voyage won,  
They shall not then a Cherrie-cun;  
who would not enterprice,  
Well, ( quoth *Experience*) ye boast:  
But he who reckoned but his Host,  
oft-times he counted twice;  
Ye sell the Boars Skin on his Back,  
but bide while ye it get:  
When ye have done, it's time to crack,  
ye fish before the Net:

What haste, Sir, ye taste, Sir,  
the Cherrie e'er ye pow it:  
Beware, Sir, ye are, Sir,  
more talkative then trow it.

48. Call *Danger* back again, (quoth *Skill*)  
To see what he can say to *Will*;  
we see him shod so strait,  
We may not trow what each one tells,  
Quoth *Courage*, we concluded els,  
he serves not for our mait,  
For I can tell you all perquiere,  
his Counsel e'er he come:  
Quoth *Hope*, whereto should he come here,  
he cannot hold him dumb:



He speaks ay, and seeks ay :

Delay of time, and drifts :

To grieve us, and deive us,  
with Sophistry and Shifts.

49. Quoth *Reason* why was he debarr'd,  
The Tale is ill cannot be heard ;

yet let us hear him anes,

Then *Danger* to declare began,

How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,  
to lead him all their lanes :

How they would have their up the Hill,  
but either stop or stay ;

And who was welcomer than *Will*,  
he would be foremost ay :

He could do, and should do,  
whoever would or dought ;

Such speeding, proceeding,  
unlikely was I thought.

50. Therefore I wisht him to beware,  
And rashly not to run ov'r far,  
without such Guides as ye.

Quoth *Courage*, Friend, I hear you fail,  
Take better tent unto your Tale,  
ye said it could not be ;

Besides that, he would not consent,  
that ever we should climb.

Quoth *Will*, for my part I repent,  
we saw them more than him :

For they are, the staye,  
of us as well as he ;

I think now, they shrink now,  
go forward let them be.

51. Go, go, we do nothing but gucks,  
They say the Voyage never lucks,  
where each one hath a Vote,

Quoth *Wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,  
We were no worse your Vote to want,  
some Sentence now I note ;

Suppose you speak it but beguicks,  
some Fruit therein I find.

Ye would be foremost I confess,  
but comes oft-times behind.

It may be, that they be,  
deceived that never doubted :

Indeed, Sir, that Heed, Sir,  
hath meikle Wit about it.

52. Then wilful *Will*, began to rage,  
And swore, he saw nothing in Age,  
but Anger, Ire, and Grudge :

And for my self, (quoth he) I swear,  
To quite all my Companions here,  
if they admit you Judge.

*Experience* is grown so old,  
that he begins no rave :

The rest, but *Courage*, are so cold,  
no Hazarding they have,

For *Danger*, far stranger,  
hath made them then they were,  
Go fra them, we pray them,  
who neither dow, nor dare.

53. Why may not we three lead this one;  
I led an hundred mine alone,  
but Counsel of them all.

I grant (quoth *Wisdom*) ye have led,  
But I would speir how many sped,  
or furthered but a fall :

But either few or none I trow,  
*Experience* can tell.

He says, that Man may wite but you,  
the first time that he fell :

He kens then, whose Pens then,  
thou borrowed him to flie :

His VVounds yet, which stounds yet,  
he got them then through thee.

54. That (quoth *Experience*) is true,  
*Will* flatter'd him when first he flew,

*Will* set him in a low,  
*Will* was his Counsel and Convoy,  
*Will* borrowed from the blinded Boy,  
both Quiver, VVings, and Bow.

Wherewith

VVherewith before he sey'd to shoot,  
he'd neither yield to youth,  
Nor yet had need of any Fruit  
to quench his deadly drought ;  
VVhich pines him, and dwines him  
to death, *I* wot not how :  
If *Will* then, did ill then,  
himself remembers now.

55. For I *Experience* was there,  
(Like as I use to be all where)  
what time he wited *Will*,  
To be the Ground of all his Grief,  
As I my self can be a prief,  
and VVitnes thereuntil.  
There are no Bounds but *I* have been,  
nor Hidlings from me hid,  
Nor secret things but I have seen,  
that he or any did ;

Therefore now, no more now,  
let him think to conceal't,  
For why now, even *I* now,  
am debt-bound to reveal't :

56. My Custom is for to declare,  
The Truth, and neither eek nor pair ;  
for any Man a jot :  
If wilful *Will* delights in Lies,  
Example in thy self thou sees ;  
how he can turn his Coat,  
And with his Language would allure,  
thee yet to break thy Bones :  
Thou knows thy self if he be sure,  
thou us'd his Counsel once :

VVho would yet, be bold yet,  
to wreak thee were not we :  
Think on now, on yon now,  
(quoth *Wisdom* then to me)

57. VVell (quoth *Experience*) if he  
Submits himself to you and me,  
*I* wot what *I* should say,  
Our good Advice he shall not want,

Providing

Providing always that he grant,  
to put you *Will* away;  
And banish both him and *Despair*,  
that all good Purpose spils:  
So he will mell with them no mair,  
let them two flyte their fills;  
Such cosing, but lossing,  
all honest Men may use,  
That change now, were strange now,  
quoth *Reason*, to refuse.

58. Quoth *Will*, Fy on him, when he flew,  
That pow'd not Cherries then anew,  
for to have stay'd his sturt.

Quoth *Reason*, though he bear the blame,  
He never saw nor needed them,  
while he himself had hurt:

First, when he mistr'd not, he might,  
he needs, and may not now:

Thy Folly, when he had his flight,  
empasht him to pow:

But he now, and we now,  
perceive thy purpose plain,  
To turn him, and burn him,  
and blow on him again.

59. Quoth *Skill*, what would you longer strive:  
Far better late than never thrive,  
come let us help him yet:

Tint time we may not get again:  
VVe waste but present time in vain,  
Beware with that, (quoth *Wit*)

Speak on *Experience*, let's see,  
we think we hold you dumb.

Of by-gones I have heard quoth he,  
I know not things to come.

Quoth *Reason*, the Season,  
with Slouthing slides away;  
First take him, and make him,  
a Man, if that you may.

60. Quoth *Will*, if he be not a Man,  
I pray you Sirs, what is he then?

he looks like one at least.  
Quoth *Reason*, if he follow thee,  
And mind not to remain with me,  
nought but a brutal Beast ;  
A Man in shape doth not consist,  
for all your taunting Tales ;  
Therefore sir *Will*, I would ye wist,  
your Metaphysick fails :

Go lear yet, a Year yet,  
your Logick at the Schools,  
Some day then, you may then,  
pass Master with the Mools.

61. (Quoth *Will*) I marvel what you mean,  
Should I not trow mine own two Een,  
for all your Logick Schools?

If I did not, I were not wise,

(Quoth *Reason* I have told you thrice)

none farlies more than Fools :

There be more Senses than the Sight,  
which ye o'vr hiale for haste,

To VVit, if ye remember right,

Smell, Hearing, Touch, and Taste :

All quick things, have sick things,

I mean both Man and Beast,

By kind ay, we find ay,

few lakes them at the least.

62. So by that Consequence of thine,

Or Syllogism said like a Swine,

a Cow may learn the lear :

Thou uses only but the Eyes,

She touches, tastes, smells, hears, and sees,  
which matches thee and mair ;

But since to triumph ye intend,

as presently appears,

Sir, for your Clergy to be ken'd,

take ye two Asles Ears,

No Myter, perfyter,

got *Medas* for his meed :

That Hood, Sir, is good, Sir,

to hap your brain-lick-head.



63. Ye have no feel for to define,  
Though ye have cunning to decline,  
a Man to be a Mool,  
With little Work yet ye may vow'd  
To grow a gallant Horse and good,  
to ride thereon at Yool :  
But to our Ground where he began,  
for all our gusslels Jests :  
I must be Master of the Man,  
but thou to brutal Beasts :

So we two, must be two  
to cause both kinds be known :  
Keep mine then, for thine then,  
and each one use their own.

64. Then *Will* as angry as an Ape,  
Ran ramping, swearing, rude and rape,  
saw he none other Shift ;  
He would not want an inch o' his *VVill*,  
Ev'n whether't did him good or ill,  
for thirty of his Thrift :  
He would be foremost in the Field,  
and Master if he might :  
Yea, he would rather die than yield,  
though *Reason* had the right.

Shall he now, make me now,  
his Subject, or his Slave ?  
No rather, my Father,  
shall quick go to his Grave.

65. I height him, while mine Heart is heat,  
To perish first e'er he prevail,  
come after what so may,  
Quoth *Reason*, doubt you not indeed,  
Ye hit the Nail upon the head,  
it shall be as ye say :

Suppose ye spur for to aspie,  
your Bridle wants a bit :  
That Mark may leave you in the mine,  
as sick as ye sit.

Your sentence, *Reasonance*,  
shall you have I believe.

And anger you langer,  
when you that Practick priue.

66. As ye have dyted your Decreet,

Your Propheſie to be compleat,

perhaps and to your Pains,

It hath been ſaid, and may be ſo,

A wilful Man wants never VVo,

though he get little Gains;

But ſince ye think't an eaſie thing,

to mount ábove the Moon,

Of your own Fiddle take a Spring,

and dance when ye haue done.

If then, Sir, the Man, Sir,

like of your Mirth he may,

And ſpeir firſt, and hear firſt,

what he himſelf will ſay.

97. Then altogether they began,

And ſaid, come on thou martyr'd Man,

what is thy VWill? aduiſe,

Abas'd a bony while I bade,

And I muſ'd e'er mine Answer made,

I turn'd me once or twice,

Beholding every one about,

whoſe Motion mov'd me maiſt;

Some ſeem'd aſſur'd, ſome dread for doubt;

*Will* ran red-wood for halte.

VVith wringing, and ſlinging,

for Madneſſe like to mang,

*Deſpair* too, for care too,

would needs himſelf go hang.

68. VVhich when Experience perceiv'd,

Quoth he, remember if I ray'd,

as *Will* alledged of late,

VVhenas he ſwore, nothing he ſaw,

In Age, but Anger, ſlack and ſlaw,

and canker'd in Conceit;

Ye could nor ſuck as he alledg'd,

who all Opinions ſpeir'd;

He was ſo frank and fiery edg'd,

he thought us ſour but fear'd,

VVho

Who pances, what chances,  
quoth he, no VVorship wins,  
To some best, shall come best,  
who hap well, rack well rins.

69. Yet (quoth *Experience*) behold,  
For all the Tales that he hath told,  
how he himself behaves:

Because *Despair* could come no speed,  
Lo here he hings all but the Head,  
and in a widdie waves:

If you be sure, once you may see,  
to Men that with them mells,  
If they had hurt or helped thee,  
consider by themselves:

Then chuse thee, to use thee,  
by us or such as yon,  
Syne soon now, have done now,  
make either off or on.

70. Perceiv'st thou not where fra proceeds,

The frantick Fantasie that feeds,  
thy furious flaming Fire:

VVhich doth thy baillful Breast combure,  
That none indeed (quoth they) can cure,  
nor help thine Heart's desire,

The piercing Passion of thy Spirit,  
which walters thy vital Breath,

Doth hold thine heavy Heart with Heat,  
Desire draws on thy Death.

Thy pounces, renounces,  
all kind of quiet Rest;

That Fever, hath ever,  
thy Person so oppress.

71. Couldst thou come once acquaint with Skill,

He knows what Humours do thee ill;

and how thy Cares contracts,

He knows the ground of all thy Grief,

And Recipees of thy Relief,

all Medicine he makes:

Quoth Skill, come on, content am I

to put mine helping hand,

Providing always he apply,  
to counsell and command,

While we then, quoth he then,  
are minded to remain,

Give place now, in case now  
thou get us not again.

72. Assure thy self, if that we shod,  
Thou shalt not get thy Purpose sped,  
take heed, we have thee told :

Have done, and drive not off the day,  
The Man that will not when he may,  
he shall not when he would :

VVhat wilt thou do? I would we wist,  
accept, or give us ov'r.

(Quoth I) I think me more than blest,  
to find such famous four :

Beside me, to guide me,

now when I have to do,

Considering, what swiddering,

Ye found me first into.

73. VVhen *Courage* cry'd a *Stomach* stou'r,  
And *Danger* drave me int' Doubt,  
with his Companion *Dread* :

VVhiles *Will* would up above the Air,

VVhiles I am drown'd in deep *Despair*,

whiles *Hope* held up mine *Head* :

Such pithy Reasons and Replies,  
on every side they shew,

That I who was not very wise,

thought all their Tales were true :

So many, and bony,

old Problems they propoſit :

But quickly, and likely,

I marvel meikle on it.

74. Yet *Hope* and *Courage* wan the Field,  
Though *Dread* and *Danger* never yield,  
but fled to find Refuge :

Yet when the four came they were faine,

Because ye gart us come again,

then gric'd to get you Judge,

VVhere

Where they were fugitive before,  
ye made them frank and free,  
To speak and stand in aw no more,

Quoth *Reason*, so should be,  
Oftimes now, but Crimes now,  
but e'en perforce it falls :  
The strong ay, with Wrong ay,  
puts weaker to the Walls.

75. VVhich is a Fault you must confess,  
Strength was not ordain'd to oppress,  
with Rigour by the right :

But by the contrare, to sustain  
The loaden which ov'rburdened been,  
as meikle as they might..

So *Hope* and *Courage* did, (quoth I)  
experimented like ;

Shew skill'd and pithy Reasons why,  
that *Danger* lap the dike..

Quoth *Danger*, Sir, take heed, Sir,  
long spoken part must spill :

Insist not, we wist not,  
we went against our VVill,

76. With *Courage* ye were so content,  
Ye never sought our small Consent,  
of us ye stood not aw ;

Their Logick Lessons ye allowed,  
And were determined to trow it,  
Allegiance past for Law ;

For all the Proverbs we perus'd,  
ye thought them shantly skill'd,  
Our Reason had been as well rus'd,  
had ye been as well will'd.

To our side, as your side,

so truly I may term't,

I see now, in thee now,

Affection doth affirm't,

77. *Experience* then smirking, simil'd,,

We are no Bairns to be beguil'd,  
(quoth he) and shook his Head :

For Authors who alledge us,

R. 3,

They



They still would win about the Buss,  
to foster deadlie feed :

For we are equal for you all,  
no Persons we respect :

We have been so, are yet, and shall  
be found so in Effect :

If we were, as ye are,  
we had come unrequir'd ;

But ye now, I see now,  
do nothing undesir'd .

78. There is a Sentence said by some,  
Let none uncall'd to Counsel come  
that welcome weens to be :

Yea, I have heard another yet,  
Who came uncall'd, unserv'd, should sit :  
perhaps Sir so may ye.

Good-man, gramercie for your geck,  
(quoth *Hope*) and lowlie-louts :

If ye were sent for, we suspect,  
because the Doctors doubts :

Your Years now, appears now,  
with Wisdom to be vext,

Rejoicing, in Glossing,  
while ye have tint your Text.

79. Where ye were sent for, let us see,  
who would be welcomer than we :

prove that, and we are pay'd :

Well, (quoth *Experience*) beware,

You know not in what case you are,

your Tongue hath you betray'd :

The Man may able rine a stot,

who cannot count his kinch ;

In your own Bow you are ov'rshot,  
by more than half an inch.

Who wats, Sir, if that, Sir,  
be sour which seemeth sweet ;

I fear now, you hear now,  
a dangerous Decreet.

80. Sir, by that Sentence ye have said,

I pledge, e'er all the play be plaid ;

[that

that some shall lose a lake :  
Since ye but put me for to prove ;  
Such Heads as help for my Behove ;  
your Warrant is but weak :  
Speir at the Man your self, and see,  
suppose ye strive for State,  
For he regarded not how he  
hath learn'd my Lesson late :  
And granted, he wanted,  
both Reason, Wit, and Skill :  
Complaining, and meaning,  
our Absence did him ill.

81. Confront him Father face to face :  
If that he rue his rackless Race,  
perhaps and ye shall hear ;  
For ay since Adam, and since Eve,  
Who first the leasing did believe,  
I sold thy Doctrine dear :  
What hath been done unto this day,  
I keep in Mind almost :  
Ye promise farther than you pay,  
Sir Hope, for all your haste ;  
Promitting, unwitting,  
your heights you never hooked :  
I show you, I know you,  
your by-ganes I have booked :

82. I would, in case a count were crav'd,  
Show thousand thousands thou deceiv'd ;  
where thou wast true to one ;  
And, by the contrare I may want,  
Which thou must (though it grieve thee) grant,  
I trumped never a Man ;  
But truly told the naked Truth  
to Men that mell'd with me,  
For neither Rigour, nor for rath,  
but only loath to lie :  
To some yet, to come yet,  
thy Succour shall be slight,  
Which I then, must try then,  
and register it right.

83. Ha, ha, (quoth *Hope*) and lewdlie leugh,  
Ye're but a Prentice at the pleugh,

*Experience*, ye preive :

Suppose all by-ganes as ye spake,  
Ye are no Prophet worth a plack,  
nor I bound to believe,

Ye should not say, Sir, till ye see,  
but when ye see it, say :

Yet (quoth *Experience*) at that  
make many mints I may :

By Signs now, and things now,  
which ay before me beare,  
Expressing, by guessing,  
the Peril that appears.

84. Then *Hope* reply'd and that with pith,  
And wisely weigh'd his Words therewith,  
sententiously and short ;

Quoth he, I am the Anchor grip,  
That saves the Sailers and their Ship,  
from peril to their Port.

Quoth he, oft-time that Anchor drives,  
as we have found before ;

And loses many thousand Lives,  
by Ship-wrack on the Shore :

Your Grips oft, but slips oft,  
when Men have most to do ;  
Synce leaves them, and raves them,  
of my Companions too.

85. Thou leaves them not thy self alone,  
But, to their Grief, when thou art gone,  
gars *Courage* quit them als :

Quoth *Hope*, I would ye understood,  
I grip fast if the Ground be good,  
and fleets it where it's fallie :

There should no Fault with me found,  
nor I accus'd at all,  
With such as should have found the Ground,  
before the Anchor fall :

Their leed ay, at need ay,  
might warn them if they would,

If they there, could stay there,  
or have good Anchor hold.

86.. If ye road right, it was not I,  
But only Ignorance whereby,  
their Carvels all were cloven :

I am not for a Trumpet tane,  
All (quoth *Experience* ) is ane,  
I have my Procel's proven :  
To wit, that we are call'd each one,  
to come before we came,  
That now Objections ye have none,  
your self must say the same.

Ye are now, too far now,  
come forward for to sic,  
Perceive then, ye have then,  
the worst end of the Tree.

87.. When *Hope* was gall'd into the quick..  
Quoth *Courage* kicking at the Prick,  
we let you well to wit :

Make he you welcomer than we,  
Then by-gones, by-gones, farewell he,  
except he seek us yet :

He understands his own Estate,  
let him his Chieftains chuse,  
But yet his Battle will be blate,  
if he our force refuse :

Refuse us, or chuse us,  
our Counsell is he climbe :

But stay he, or stray he,  
we have none help for him.

88.. Except the *Cherris* be his choise,

Be ye his Friends, we are his Foes,  
his doings we despise,

If we perceive him settled he,

To satisfie him with the Slae,

his Company we quite,

Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew so glad,

and wont that they had won,

They thought all feat'd that they had said,

syne they had first begun :

They thought then, they mought then,  
without a party plead :

But yet there, with *Wit* there,  
they were dung down indeed.

89. Sirs, *Dread* and *Danger* then, (quoth *Wit*),  
Ye did your selves to me submit,  
*Experience* can prove.

That (quoth *Experience*) I past,  
Their own Confession makes them fast,  
they may no more remove :

For if they right remember me,  
this maxim then they made,  
To wit, the Man with *Wit* should weigh,  
what Philosophs had said :

Which Sentence, Repentance,  
forbade him dear to buy,  
They knew then, how true then,  
and preas'd not to reply.

90. Though he dang *Dread* and *Danger* down,  
Yet *Courage* could not be o'ercome ;

*Hope* height him such an Hire,  
He thought himself, how soon he saw  
His Enemies was laid so law,  
it was no time to tire.

He hit the Iron while it was heat,  
in case it might grow cold :

For he esteem'd his Foes defeat,  
when once he found them fold,

Though he now, quoth he now  
hath been so free and frank.

Unsought yet, he mought yet  
for Kindness cun'd us thank.

91. Suppose it so as thou hast said,  
That unrequir'd we offer'd Aid :  
at least it came of Love.

*Experience*, ye start too soon,  
Ye dow nothing while all be done,  
and then perhaps you prove

More plain than pleasant, too perchance,  
some tell that you have try'd,



As fast as ye your selves advance,  
ye dow not well deny'r ;

Abide then, the Tide then,  
and wait upon the Wind :

Ye know, Sir, ye owe, Sir,  
to hold you ay behind.

92. When ye have done some doughtie Deeds,  
Synne ye should see how all succeeds,  
to writ them as they were ;

Friend, hulie, haste not half so fast ;

Lest (quoth *Experience*) at last

ye buy my Doctrine dear,

*Hope* puts that haste into your Head,  
which boils your barmie Brain.

Howbeit Fools haste makes hulie speed,

fair heights makes Fools be fain,

Such Smiling, Beguiling,

bids fear not for no Frets :

Yet I now, deny now,

that all is Gold that gleets :

93. Suppose no Silver all that shines,

Of-times a rentless Merchant tines.

for buying Gear beguies,

For all the vantage and the winning,

Good Buyers gets at the Beginning,

quoth *Courage*, not the less :

Whiles as good Merchants tines as wins,

if old Mens Tales be true ;

Suppose the Pack comes to the Pins,

who can his chance eschew ?

Then good Sir, conclude Sir,

good Buyers have done baith :

Advance then, take chance then,

as sundry good Ships hath.

94. Who wist what would be cheap or dear,

Should need not traffiqué but a Year,

if things to come were ken'd ;

Suppose all by-gane things be plain,

Your Prophelie is but profane,

ye 'ad best behold the end.

Ye would accuse me of a Crime,  
almost before we met?

Torment me not before the time,  
since Dolor pays no Debr.

What by-past, that I past,  
ye wot if it was well,

To come yet, by doom yet,  
confess ye have no feel.

95. Yet (quoth *Experience*) what then,  
Who may be meetest for the Man?

let us his Answer have :

When they submitted them to me,  
To *Reason* I was fain to flie,  
his Counsel for to crave.

Quoth he, since ye your selves submit,  
to do as I decreet,

I shall advise with *Skill* and *Wit*,

what they think may be meet,

They cry'd then, we bide then,  
at *Reason* for Refuge :

Allow him, and throw him,  
as Governour and Judge.

96. So said they all, with one Consent,  
What he concludes we are content,  
his bidding to obey ;

He hath Authority to use,

Then take his choice whom he would chuse,  
and longer not delay :

Then *Reason* rose and was rejoyc'd,

quoth he, mine Hearts, come hither,

I hope this play may be compos'd,  
that we may go together ;

To all now, I shall now,

his proper place assign,

That they here, shall say here,

they think none other thing.

97. Come on (quoth he) Companion *Skill*,

Ye understand both good and ill,

in Physick ye are fine :

Be Medciner unto this Man,

And shew such cunning as ye can,

to put him out of Pain ;  
First guard the ground of all his Grief,  
what Sicknes ye suspect :  
Synce look what he lacks for Relief,  
e'er further he infect :

Comfort him, exhort him,  
give him your good Advise,  
And pance not, nor scance not  
the Pearl nor yet the Price.

98. Though he be cumbersome what reck ;  
Find out the cause by the Effect,  
and working of his Veins ;  
Yet while we grip it to the ground,  
See first what fashion may be found,  
to pacifie his pains :  
Do what ye dow to have him heal,  
and for that purpose prease ;  
Cut off the cause, th' Effect will fail,  
so all his Sorrow cease ;

His Fever, shall never,  
from henceforth have no force,  
Then urge him, to purge him,  
he will not wax the worse.

99. Quoth *Skill*, his Senses are so sick,  
I know no Liquor worth a leek,  
to quench his deadly Drought ;  
Except the Cherrie help his Heart,  
Whose sappy Slockning, sharp and sweet,  
might melt into his Mouth,  
And his Melancholy reprove ;  
to mitigate his Mind :

None wholesomer for his Behove,  
nor more cooling of kind :

No Nectar, directer,  
could all the Gods him give,  
Nor send him, to mend him,  
none like it, I believe,

100. For Drought decays, as it digests,  
Why then (quoth *Reason*) nothing relts,  
but how it may be had :  
Most true (quoth *Skill*) that is the Scope,

Yet

Yet we must have some help of *Hope*,  
quothe *Danger*, I am red,

His hastiness breeds us mis-hap,  
when he is highly horst;

I would we looked e'er we lap,  
quothe *Wit*, that were not worst:

I mean now, convene now  
the Counsel one and all:

Begin then, call in then,  
quothe *Reason*, so I shall.

101. Then *Reason* rose with Gesture grave,  
Believe convening all the lave,  
to see what they could say:

With silver Scepter in his hand,  
As Chieftain chosen to command,  
and they bent to obey;

He paced long before he spake,  
and in a Study stood,

Syne he began and Silence brake,  
come on, quothe he, conclude

What way now, we may now,  
yon Cherrie come to catch?

Speak out, Sirs, about, Sirs,  
have done, let us dispatch.

102. Quothe *Courage*, scourge him first that skars,  
Much Musing Memory but mars;

I tell you mine Intent.

Quothe *Wit*, who will not partly pance,  
In Perils perishes perchance,  
ov'r rackless may repent.

Then quothe *Experience*, and spake,  
Sir, I have teen them baith,  
In Bairnlines, and lie a back,  
escape and come to Skaith:

But what now, or that now?

sturt follows all Extreame:

Retain then, the mean then,  
the surest way it seems.

103. Where some has further'd, some has fail'd,  
Where part has perisht, part prevail'd,  
alike all cannot luck;

Then

Then neither venture with the one,  
Or with the other let alone,  
the Cherrie for to pluck :  
Quoth *Hope*, for fear Folk must not fash,  
quoth *Danger*, let not light,  
Quoth *Wit*, be neither rude nor rash,  
quoth *Reason*, ye have right.

The rest then, thought best then,  
when *Reason* said it so,  
That roundlie, and foundlie,  
they should together go.

104. To get the Cherries in all haste,  
As for my Safety serving maist,  
though *Dread* and *Danger* fear'd  
The Peril of that irksom way,  
Lest that thereby I should decay,  
who then so weak appear'd :  
Yet *Hope* and *Courage*, hard beside,  
who with them were content,  
Did take in hand us for to guide,  
unto our Journeys end ?

Impludging, and wedging,  
both two their Lives for mine,  
Providing, the guiding,  
to them were granted syne.

105. Then *Dread* and *Danger* did appeal,  
Alledging it could not be well,  
nor yet would they agree,  
But said, they should sound their Retreat,  
Because they thought them no ways meet  
Conductors unto me ;  
Nor so no Man in mine Estate,  
with Sicknes sore opprest,  
For they took ay the nearest Gate,  
omitting oft the best :

The nearest, perquierest,  
is always to them baith,  
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,  
what racks them of their Skaith.

106. But as for us two, now we swear,  
By him before whom we appear,

our



our full Intent is now,  
To have you whole, and alway was  
That Purpose for to bring to pass,  
so is not theirs, I trow.

Then *Hope* and *Courage* did attest,  
the Gods at both these parts,  
If they wrought not for all the best  
of me with upright Hearts :

Our Chieftain, then lifting  
his Scepter, did enjoin,  
No more there, Uproar there,  
and so their Strite was done,

107. Rebuking *Dread* and *Danger* fore,  
Suppose they meant well evermore,  
to me as they had sworn :

Because their Neighbours they abus'd,  
In so far as they had accus'd  
them, as ye hard betorn.

Did ye not else (quoth he) consent,  
the Cherrie for to pow?

Quoth *Danger*, we are well content,  
but yet the manner how,

We shall now, even all now,  
get this Man with us there,

It rest is, and best is,  
your Counsel shall declare.

108. Well said (quoth *Hope* and *Courage*) now  
We thereto will accord with you,  
and shall abide by them.

Likeas, before we do submit  
So we repent the Samine yet,  
we mind not to reclaim.

Whom ye shall chuse to guide the way,  
we shall him follow straight,

And further this Man what we may,  
because we have so height ;

Promitting, but sitting,  
to do the thing we can,

To ease both, and please both  
this fillie sicklie Man.

109. When

109. When Reason heard this then (quoth he)

I see your chiefest stay to be,  
that we have nam'd no guide :  
The worthy Counsel hath therefore,  
Thought good that Wit should go before,  
for Perils to provide.

Quoth Wit, there is but one of three,  
which I shall to you show,  
Whereof the first two cannot be,  
for any thing I know.

The way here, so stay here  
is that we cannot climb,  
Ev'n ov'r now, we four now,  
that will be hard for him.

110. The next, if we go down about,  
While that this bend of Craigs run out,  
the Stream is there so stark,  
And also passeth wading deep,  
And broader far than we dow leap,  
it should be idle Wark :

It grows ay broader than the Sea,  
fyne ov'r the Lin it came,  
The running dead doth signifie  
the Deepness of the same.

I leave now, to dive now,  
how that it swithly slides,  
As sleeping and creeping,  
but Nature so provides.

111. Our way then lies about the Lin,  
Whereby a Warrant we shall win,  
it is so straight and plain :

The Water also is so shald,  
We shall it pass even as we wald,  
with Pleasure and but Pain ;  
For, as we see the Mischief grow,  
oft of a feckless thing,

So likewise doth this River flow,  
forth of a pretty Spring,

Whole Throat, Sir, I wot Sir,  
ye may stop with your Neive,

As you, Sir, I trow Sir, *Experience* can preive,

112. That (quoth *Experience*) I can,  
All that ye said since ye began,  
I know to be of Truth,  
Quoth *Skill* the Samine I approve,  
Quoth *Reason*, then let us remove,  
and sleep no more in sleuth.  
*Wit* and *Experience* (quoth he)  
shall come before apace,  
The Man shall come with *Skill* and me,  
into the second place;

Attour now, ye four now,  
shall come into a band,  
Proceeding, and leading,  
each other by the hand.

113. As *Reason* ordain'd, all obey'd,  
None was ov'r rash, none was afraid,  
our Counsel was so wise;  
As of our Journey *Wit* did note,  
We found it true in every jot,  
God bless our Enterprize,  
For e'en as we came to the Tree,  
which as ye hard me tell,  
Could not be clumb there suddenly,  
the Fruit for Ripeness fell:

Which Tasting, and halting,  
I found my self reliev'd,  
Of Cares all, and Snares all,  
which Mind and Body griev'd.

114. Praise be to God my Lord therefore,  
Who did mine Health to me restore,  
being so long time pin'd:  
Yea blessed be his holy Name,  
Who did from Life to Death reclaim,  
me who was so unkind.  
All Nations also magnifie,  
this everliving Lord;  
Let me with you, and you with me,  
to laud him ay accord;

Whose

Whose Love ay, we prove ay,  
to us above all things :  
And kiss him, and bless him,  
whose Glory eternal reigns.

Capr. *ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY*;  
His L A M E N T A T I O N.

I have sinned, O Father, be merciful to me,  
I am not worthy to be call'd thy Child ;  
That stubbornly so long have gone astray,  
Not as thy Son, but as a Prodigal wild :  
My silly Soul with Sin is so defil'd,  
That Satan thinks to catch it as a Prey ;  
Lord grant me Grace that he may be beguil'd.

*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

I am abas'd, O Lord, how dare I be so bold,  
Before thy holy Presence to appear ?  
Or hazard once the Heavens to behold,  
Who am not worthy that the Earth should bear.  
Yet damn me not whom thou hast bought so dear,  
*Sed saluum me fac, dulcis Fili Dei ;*  
For out of *Luke* this Lesson we do lear ;

*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

If thou, O Lord with Rigour wouldst revenge,  
What Flesh before thee faultless shall be found ?  
Or who is he his Conscience can him cleanse,  
To Sin and Satan from his Birth's not bound :  
Yet of meer Grace thou tak'st away the ground ;  
And sent thy Son our Penalty to pay,  
To save us from the hideous Hell's Hound :

*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

I hope for Mercy although my Sins be huge,  
I grant my Guilt, and groan to thee for Grace :  
Though I would flee, where should I find Refuge ?  
In Heaven, O Lord, there is thy Dwelling-place,  
The Earth thy Footstool, and to th' Hells alas,  
Down go the dead ; for all must thee obey :  
Therefore I cry, while I have time and space,

*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

O gracious God, my Guiltiness forgive,  
In Sinners Death since thou dost not delight,  
But rather would they should convert and live,  
As witness the Prophets in holy Write ;  
I pray thee, Lord, thy Promise to perfit  
In me, that I may with the Palmist say,  
I will thy Praise and wondrous Works indite,

Therefore dear Father be merciful to me.

Though I do slide, let me not sleep in Sleuth ;  
Me to revive from Sin let Grace begin :  
Make, Lord, my Tongue the Trumpet of thy Truth,  
And lend my Verse such Wings as are divine ;  
Since thou hast granted me so good Engine,  
To praise thy Name with gallant Smile and gay,  
Let me not more so trim a Talent time :

*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

My Sp<sup>r</sup>it to speak, let thy Sp<sup>r</sup>it, Lord, inspire,  
Help holy Ghost, and be mine heavenly Muse :  
Flie down on me with forked Tongues of Fire,  
As on th<sup>e</sup> Apostles, with thy Fear me insule :  
All Vice expel, teach me Sin to refuse,  
And all my filthie Affections, I thee pray ;  
Thy fervent Love on me pour night and day,

*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

Stoup stubborn Stomach that has been so stout,  
Stoup filthie Flesh and Carrion made of Clay ;  
Stoup hardened Heart, before thy LORD and loud,  
Stoup, stoup in time, defer not day by day :  
Thou wots not when that thou must pass away,  
To the great Glore, where thou must be for ay :  
Confess thy Sins, and think no Shame to say,

*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

O great **JEHOVAH**, to thee all Glore be given,  
Who thap'd my Soul to thy Similitude,  
And to thy Son whom thou sent'st down from Heaven,  
When I was lost, he bought me with his Blood :  
And to the holy Ghost, my Guider good,  
Who must confirm my Faith in the right way,  
In me *Cox mundum crea*, I conclude,  
O heavnlie Father be merciful to me.

*The*



## The SOLSEQUIUM.

**L**ikeas the dumb *Solsequium*, with care ov'recome,  
Doth Sorrow when the Sun goes out of sight,  
Hangs down her Head, and droops as dead, and will  
(not spread,

But lurks her Leaves through Languor all the night,  
Till foolish *Phaeton* arise with Whip in hand,  
To clear the crystal Skies, and light the Land,  
Birds in their Bower, waits on that hour,  
And to their King a glad good-morrow gives;  
From thence that Flow'r likes not to lowre;  
But laugh on *Phœbus* opening out her Leaves:

So stands 't with me, except I be, where I may see  
My Lamp of Light, my Lady, and my Love:  
When she departs, ten thousand Darts, in sundry Arts,  
Thirle through my heavy Heart, but rest or rove,  
My Countenance declares my inward Grief,  
And Hope almost despairs to find Relief:  
I die, I dwine, Pain doth me pine,  
I loath on every thing I look, alas!  
While *Titan* mine, upon me shine,  
That I revive through Favour of her Grace.

Fra the appear, into her Sphere, begins to clear,  
The dawning of my long desired day:  
Then *Courage* cries on *Hope* to rise, fra the espies,  
The noisom night of Abience went away;  
No Wo can me awake, nor yet impell,  
But on thy stately Stalk I flourish fresh:  
I spring, I sprout, my Leaves break out,  
My Colour changes in an heartsome hew,  
No more I lout, but stands up stout,  
As glad of her on whom I only grew.

O happy day, go not away, *Apollo* stay  
The Cart from going down into the West;  
Of me thou makes thy Zodiack, that I may take,  
My Pleasure to behold whom I love best,  
Her Presence me restores from Death to Life,

Her Absence also shores to cut my Breath,  
I wish in vain thee to remain,  
Since *Primum Mobile* doth say me nay;  
At least thy Wain, haste so again.  
Farewel with Patience perforce till day.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

*Declina a Malo, & fac bonum.*

**L**eave Sin e'er Sin leave thee, do good,  
and both without delay;  
Less fit he will to Morrow be,  
who is not-fit to day.

*Non tardes converti ad Deum.*

*His Morning Muse.*

**L**et Dread of Pain for Sin in after time,  
Let Shame to see thy self ensnared so,  
Let Grief conceiv'd for foul accused Crime,  
Let hate of Sin the worker of thy Woe,  
With Dread, with Shame, with Grief, with Hate enforce  
To dew thy Cheeks with Tears of deep Remorse.  
So hate of Sin shall make God's Love to grow,  
So Grief shall harbour Hope within thine Heart;  
So Dread shall cause the Flood of Joy to flow,  
So Shame shall send sweet Solace to thy Smart;  
So Love, so Hope, so Joy, and Solace sweet,  
Shall make thy Soul in heavenly Bliss to fleet.

Wo where no Hate doth no such Love allure,  
Wo where such Grief makes no such Hope proceed,  
Wo where such Dread doth not such Joy procure!  
Wo where such Shame doth not such Solace breed!  
Wo where no Hate, no Grief, no Dread, no Shame,  
No Love, no Hope, no Joy, no Solace frame.

**F I N I S.**

